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THE ORAN-OUTANG,



AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

This interesting specimen of the Asiatic oran-outang, (a female rejoicing in the pretty cognomen of "Jane.") was purchased of her importer by the Zoological Society, and added to their menagerie about a month since. A keeper has been appointed by the Council to attend exclusively to her accommodation: so that, were she an Asiatic princess, her comfort could not be more specially studied. She is supposed to be about four years old; her height, when erect, is somewhat over two feet; her ears are much admired for their smallness and neatness. She is very docile and quiet, and thus distinguished from the mischievous monkey tribe.

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From the *Magazine of Natural History* for the present month, we learn that the oran has become excessively attached to her keeper, and is daily improving in strength and spirits, and promises to be, for a long time, one of the most attractive objects at the gardens. At the evening meeting of the Zoological Society, Dec. 12th, Mr. Owen made some remarks upon one or two particulars, in which this animal differs very materially from the chimpanzee, whose death was so much regretted about two years since. He observed, that one very marked difference consisted in the inferiority of the oran, as regards the functions of the organs of voice;

for, while the chimpanzee expressed its anger by loud cries, or a succession of short, quick sounds, resembling a bark, the oran, when vexed or thwarted of its favourite object, displayed its wrath by uttering a feeble and almost inaudible continuous whine. The oran is also far less active in its habits, rarely moving, unless to follow its keeper, or when strongly tempted, and then its motion is slower, and more awkward than in the chimpanzee; the awkwardness arising from the extreme disparity in the length of the anterior and posterior extremities. The hair on the head is all directed forwards; in the chimpanzee it radiated from a centre. Mr. Owen also remarked that the thumbs of the lower extremities were devoid of nails, and that the animal had the deciduous series of teeth in use; viz. two canines and four grinders in each jaw.

To these brief particulars it may be useful to append a note upon the sagacity of the oran-outang, which has alike been exaggerated and underrated by those who have taken but partial views of the economy of the animal.

"Professor Grant in a paper on the habits and structure of a male and female oran-outang, observes:—Oran-outangs, it has been remarked, have exhibited no greater degree of intelligence than a dog. This, generally speaking, is, I believe, a correct enough observation, but then let us bear in mind the comparative advantages, in relation to his connexion with human society, that the dog possesses over the oran-outang. Companionship with man is to the dog a state of nature and gratification; "he is to the manner born." Not so the poor oran-outang; left, perhaps, when an infant or very young, and unable to provide for itself, at some spot, while its mother wanders in another direction, with the intention of returning by-and-by to lead him home. A Sumatran or Bornese forester passing that way swoops him off; and the little creature that had been accustomed to active gambols in the wild wood, (to say nothing of change of diet, and climate, and water,) is henceforth transferred to, and confined in, a small inclosure, where its movements are circumscribed, where he is perhaps chained; and never, like the dog, solaced with the society of its kind; where, in short, his whole system and habits must undergo a change consequent on slavery, and where its faculties have not their fair field for development. How is it to be expected, under such circumstances, that an oran-outang child, (for all the orans to descriptions of which I have had access, were supposed to be very young,) should be more intelligent than the most intelligent of all the inferior animals, the full-grown dog, in the prime of its faculties and strength, naturalized to a state of connexion with human society, and unhappy save under such circumstances?

The oran-outang, however, without being taught, will do what a dog. I suspect, cannot be taught to do, and untaught, cannot think of doing: he will untwist or unravel his chain or cord. If the dog is chained, and the chain becomes in any way jammed between things lying about, or twisted upon itself, the animal drags hard at it, away from the point of entanglement, perhaps increasing the evil,—becomes alarmed—cries out, and never thinks of slackening the chain, and returning back to see what the cause of the inconvenience is. Not so the oran-outang; the moment such an accident occurs, he deliberately sets about putting matters to rights. He does not drag away from the point of resistance, does not insist on running forcibly counter, but instantly slackens his chain, as a human being would do under the like circumstances, and goes back to see what occasions the obstruction. If the chain has got entangled with a box or any other article of furniture, he disengages it; if it has become twisted, he considers the matter, and untwists it. It may perhaps be said in reply, that the possession of hands gives the oran advantages that the dog has not, in the instance referred to, and so undoubtedly it does; but it is not natural for an oran to be chained, and the whole process evinces that he thinks or reflects upon the predicament he has got into, which the dog apparently does not, but loses his presence of mind. I have a monkey chained in my compound, (*Simia entellus*), but when his chain becomes entangled or twisted, he does not get himself out of the scrape like the oran-outang, but, like the dog, makes matters worse by dragging impetuously.—*Arcana of Science*, 1832.

British Colonies.

CANADA.

[THE following Sketches in illustration of Canada and its inhabitants are taken from Colonel Talbot's Residence in that country, and will be interesting at the present period.]

An Aboriginal Canadian.

On Green Island. I saw for the first time one of the Aborigines of the country. She was a female, and her covering was a large brown-coloured shawl, thrown rather carelessly over her shoulders, and reaching down to her knees. Her legs were loosely bandaged with a cloth of the same colour. The feet were bare, but she appeared to tread the ground as if unaccustomed to walk without shoes or moccasins. Her skin was an exact copper colour, and her hair, which almost touched the ground, was black as the moonless midnight. The countenance was mild, placid, and unassuming; her accent was not disagreeable, nor was there anything particularly coarse or unpolished in

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her manners. On the whole, I think she exhibited as much of cultivation as we commonly see in the countenance, manners, and address of uneducated females, however favoured with the example of surrounding millions; and as I conversed with her, (for she spoke English well,) various and opposite emotions fluctuated within my mind;—regret, admiration, and astonishment rapidly succeeded each other—regret, when I reflected that so many of this unfortunate race are permitted to live and die uneducated, untaught and contemned—admiration, as I gazed upon those charms her downcast modesty concealed—and astonishment, when instead of a wild savage, I beheld a being endowed with all those nameless graces which irresistibly impel us to admire the female character, even when beauty is wholly excluded.

Hotel Scene at Quebec.

On arriving here, we were shown into a large parlour, in which there were about thirty sea captains. We entered without ceremony, and discovered that each person had an enormous large tumbler of liquor placed before him, with a smoking pipe about three-and-a-half feet long, and a paper of the best Virginian tobacco. In a few moments Captain Black and I were furnished with similar accommodations. I drank some of the liquor, which was really delicious, but begged leave to dispense with the pipe and tobacco. The room was excessively warm, and filled with the smoke of burning tobacco, and the effluvia of over-heated bodies. I wished most heartily to make my exit; but since I went to the place not by choice, but in compliment to the captain, who appeared as happy in the company of his amphibious fraternity as if he were engaged in discovering the longitude, I could not with propriety retire, till he thought fit to propose our departure. These sons of Neptune talked of long and short voyages, of well and ill-built ships, of the felicities of a seafaring life, and the exhilarating qualities of Cogniac brandy, in such a lengthened strain, as made me wish myself asleep in the worst-built house in Quebec. Not a subject was discussed, not an idea started, which could afford either pleasure or profit to any one besides themselves. I therefore sat in sad civility until about 11 o'clock, when the whole party withdrew by mutual consent.

Climate, &c.

We objected to Lower Canada; first, on account of the inferiority of the soil and the severity of the climate; secondly, in consideration of its being almost wholly in the occupation of a people with whose customs, language and religion we were but imperfectly acquainted.

Character of Colonel Talbot.

The colonel came to this country about

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thirty-five years ago, an officer of the 5th regiment of foot. During the period of his being stationed here, he became so much attached to the woods and wilds of Canada, that on his return home, he felt half dissatisfied with his native country. He therefore sold his commission, and obtained a grant of 100,000 acres of land. He selected an extensive track on the northern borders of Lake Erie, about 150 miles south-west of York. In the year 1802, when there was not a single Christian habitation within forty miles of his own estate, the colonel commenced a settler under the most discouraging and inauspicious circumstances imaginable. He called his domain Port Talbot, and in eight or ten years saw a thriving settlement gradually rising around him. The colonel is, perhaps, the most eccentric character on the whole continent. He not only lives a life of churlish celibacy, but enjoys no human society whatever. So great was his aversion to the fair sex, that for many years after his arrival at Port Talbot, he refused to hire a female servant, but milked his own cows, made his own butter, and performed every other function of kitchen-maid, house-maid, cook and dairy-woman. Being a member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, he goes to York once or twice a year. These visits, and an occasional one to England, at intervals of five or six years, serve to rub off the rust contracted in his lonely cottage, and to remind him that the world is still as merry as it was when he figured in the gayest circles.

An Indian Preacher.

I happened to be in a village belonging to the Six Nations of Indians, where there is a church built by government for their accommodation. A clergyman of the established church occasionally performs divine service, and in his absence an Indian, called by his countrymen Dr. John, officiated. As I happened to be at this village on the Sabbath, and felt curious to see uncivilized men engaged in the worship of the Deity, I called upon Dr. John, and requested to know if there would be any service in the forenoon. He had little appearance of being a minister of that gospel, the principle of which is "Peace on earth, and goodwill towards men," for he was busily engaged in whetting a tomahawk, and replied to my question with the utmost indifference. "I meant," said he, "to have had a meeting to-day, but I lost my spectacles in a frolic last night, and cannot therefore preach again until Mr. Smith gets his goods from Montreal!" I asked him if the eyes of his understanding were not sufficiently enlightened to render him in a great degree independent of external aid. "Oh, yes," said he, "but we do not preach without a book. If that were our practice, we think we could excel

our extemporaneous preachers as much in the art of true eloquence, as they do us in self-confidence and vain-glory; but we are more enlightened than they are, and know how liable poor human nature is to err; we therefore study diligently what we have to say, before we attempt to promulgate our opinions in public."

Travelling in Upper Canada.

To the observant traveller, this province can be said to afford but little pleasure. If we except the Falls of Niagara, and a few other natural curiosities, it exhibits little but immeasurable forests, the dreary abodes of wolves and bears; log huts, which though always clean and comfortable *within*, have a most gloomy and sepulchral appearance from without; and wretchedly cultivated fields, studded with the stumps of trees, and fenced round with split rails—a mode of inclosure with which I cannot associate any other idea than that of a sheep eating turnips. The roads, if roads they may be called, are yet so very bad, that any attempt to describe them to you will ever be altogether fruitless. In a single day's journey of forty or fifty miles, you are generally necessitated to perform the greater part of it over miserable causeways, composed of the trunks of trees from 9 inches to 2 feet in diameter. These logs are placed across the roads in all moist and swampy places; and, with very few exceptions, they are the only materials which are used in the formation of our dangerous bridges. As these logs are neither square nor flattened, and not always perfectly straight, they frequently lie so far apart, that horses, cows and oxen are continually in danger of breaking their limbs.

The most improved parts of Upper Canada are from the line which divides it from the lower province to the head of the Bay of Quinta, a distance of nearly 150 miles from Fort George to Queen's Town, for seven miles along the Niagara River, and in the neighbourhood of Sandwich and Amherstburg. Every other part appears to be in its infancy; and yet, young as are the settlements, and great as were the difficulties with which the first inhabitants had to contend, in their efforts to redeem the wilderness from its sterility, you observe not a dull countenance among them. In the enjoyment of uninterrupted liberty, and the enlivening anticipation of independence, these happy lords of the forest spend their days in toilsome pursuits without a murmur. Every tree that falls by the force of the axe, is in reality a removal of another obstacle to their increasing prosperity, and never fails to occasion a delightful reflection, which softens toil and sweetens labour. The vista which the woodman's axe has gradually opened through the forest, and the extended view which it reveals to the beholder, prefigures the scenes

of the future part of his life, through which he may see the probable end of his own endeavours, and the independence of his successors. They toil for themselves, fearless of the oppressor's grasp, and unawed by the menaces of a lordly master, or the more galling threats of his upstart hirelings.

Formation of a Settlement.

We continued encamped in the woods from the 26th of October to the 1st of December; during which period we laid the foundation of a house 46 feet long and 31 feet wide, one half of which we finished, first for the accommodation of the family, who removed into it on the 2nd of December, five months and nineteen days after our embarkation for America. During the thirty-five days which we spent in the woods previous to the arrival of the family, our only lodging was the miserable wigwam, which, like ancient Argus, had a hundred eyes, or rather eye-holes, through which, when lying awake at night, we could easily note every remarkable star that passed the meridian. Our only bed all that time, was composed of a few withered leaves:

"A log contrived a double debt to pay;
By night a pillow, and a seat by day."

These are only slight specimens of the hardships which must be encountered by those who settle in a wilderness; and yet, no small degree of fortitude is requisite to support the mind of him who is obliged to submit to them. It is a grievance of no inconsiderable magnitude, to be compelled, after a hard day's labour, to stretch one's weary limbs on the bare ground in the cold month of November, and to be protected from the "fierce north wind with his airy forces," and the chilling frost, by a miserable hut, with a fire sufficiently near it to counteract in some degree, their benumbing effects. But, the hope of independence is sufficient to sustain the mind under privations still greater than these. And he who can bring his mind to think, when lying down to rest on the bare earth, that the day is not far distant when he may happily repose on a more inviting couch, without one anxious thought respecting the future prospects of himself and his family, regards these transient sufferings with a kind of feeling nearly allied to pleasure. He sees the time is fast approaching, when the wilderness to him shall be as a fruitful field, and "the desert shall blossom as the rose;" when the productive soil shall gratefully yield an ample reward to his toil, and when the hardships of his situation shall, by the blessing of Heaven on his exertions, gradually disperse, and leave him in possession of health, plenty and independence. While indulging in such joyful and ecstatic visions, the wooden pillow of a new and industrious settler becomes softer than bolsters of down, and his solitary

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Canadian Tradesmen.

There is a reasonable number of Scotch shopkeepers and Irish itinerant merchants—for the term pedlars is too degrading to be used in this land of gentry. We have abundance of tin-men, copper-men, hired-men, help-men, and a quantum sufficit of boot-men and shoe-men; but thanks to the extensive synonyms of the English language, we have in America no tinkers, servants, labourers or cobblers! I wonder that the sons of Crispin, in this refined part of the world, never adopted the more honourable title of translators and cordwainers, by which they are distinguished in some countries.

Timber.

An opinion prevails in every part of Canada, that as the few trees which grow on the plains are always of a different species from those which grow in the woods that environ them, they never produced any others. But this is, in my opinion, a false conclusion. It is a fact well known in this province, that if you divest a tract of forest of its present growth of timber, and afterwards allow the land to run wild, in a few years it will be covered with a growth of timber essentially different from that which has been destroyed. I have myself seen a field of fourteen acres, which had once in the memory of man, been thickly wooded with maple, beech and oak, afterwards completely covered with poplar and elder, although not a tree of either of these kinds had ever been observed within several miles of the inclosure.

(To be continued.)

The Modelist.

TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL. D.

"Thou dost admire that picture, Giulio?" said the great painter, Tiziano Vecelli, of Venice, to his favourite pupil, Giulio Mantoni.

"Sì, signor; but whose portrait is it? when was it painted? and where has it been until now?"

"Thou dost not ask *who* painted it. Hast no curiosity—hast no wish to learn this?"

Curiosity enough, as thou well knowest, signor, to prove my descent from Eve, whose failing, that way, lost a paradise to Adam. But I need not ask who painted thus, for there is only one who can paint *thus*. There is but one pencil which can blend such beautiful colouring with such free drawing. Signor Maestro, if thou wouldst have thy pictures unrecognised, thou must even hang them with the painting to the wall."

"Flattery, Giulio—rank flattery! But I believe thou meanest what thou sayest. As to this portrait——"

"Ay, signor, whose likeness is it?"

"As thou art anxious to know, my Giulio, and often playest a trick upon thy master, methinks I shall *not* tell thee. Thou mayest look grave, if thou wilt, but I shall not tell thee—*now*. Call my gondolieri: the day is pleasant, and they shall row me across the Lido. Addio, addio!"

The painter went on his way, across the Lagune, and smiled as one smiles at a lucky thought or a successful speculation. His musings were pleasant, and, as he lay "at listless length" within the canopy of his gondola, they found such utterance as this:

"He is a good youth, and hath a proper love for art; he is studious, too; gentle in manner, affectionate, and with a warm heart. My Beatrice is a tender dove, and it will be well if she can find a shelter in his breast. How he gazed upon the picture! If he admire the original only half as much, the train will soon be in flames. He *is* a goodly youth." And with such thoughts did Titian take council on his brief and pleasant voyage to the Lido.

Meanwhile, his pupil employed himself in looking at the portrait more minutely than he heretofore had done. The renewed and closer examination confirmed his original opinion of its excellence, not alone as a work of art, but as the representation of a character of feminine loveliness more attractive than he had yet beheld in Venice. The portrait represented a beautiful girl, just in the spring of youth, bearing aloft in her hands a massive casket, and pausing, as it were, in her onward progress, to cast a smile upon the beholder—like a sudden sunburst! The face was one of exquisite beauty, but the *naïve* and cheerful expression, the hearted joyousness, the guileless and trusting eloquence of aspect, formed a sort of intellectual loveliness far greater than usually accompanies mere beauty of features. For—though to say so be treason against the majesty of that sex whom we generalize as "fair"—I fear it is but too true that the perfection of personal and mental beauty do not often meet in one. Yet, even now, do I remember, to have met that union.

The young artist admired the portrait for some time, and then fell into a meditative humour—a thing unusual for him—for, though he was a Spaniard, he was a youth of a quick imagination and lively temperament, and it is not the wont of such to anticipate the contemplative thoughts which, they believe, belong to the maturer season of manhood. The youth thought, and thought, and thought, until, when Titian returned he found his pupil seated opposite the portrait, with his pencil in his hand, and his

head downward drooping—even as, in his mood of poetic thought, I have seen 'that of Wordsworth, the great master of the lyre. Titian came near, but Giulio did not stir: nearer still, and Giulio was breathing heavily: close to him and touched his shoulder—the youth upstart! He had fallen asleep before the portrait!

Oh, what a very unlover-like accident! But a siesta is a treasure to the Spaniard, and the day was dull—and it was wearisome to be alone—and, if the truth *must* be told, Giulio, who had all a painter's eye for beauty, had been up half the preceding night, serenading a beautiful *dama*, whose bright eyes had fascinated him one evening, as he passed beneath the windows of her father's palace.

Giulio Mantoni had been Titian's pupil for some six months previous to the incident of the portrait and the slumber. Without any introduction had he come, but had paid a large sum for the privilege of instruction. After a time, his gentle manners, his love for the art, and his rapid progress in it, had so far won upon Titian's—a lone and widowed man—as to make him solicit that Giulio would become an inmate in his house. Titian was a solitary, indeed; for his son was a wild youth, who had left Venice for Cyprus, in the suite of the admiral—and his daughter, Beatrice, was in a convent in the Friuli, of which one of his relatives was lady-principal. Giulio Mantoni accepted the invitation, and for three months preceding the day on which this slight tale commences, he had been to Titian affectionate, kind, and obedient as a son. He was so skilful with his pencil, too, that Titian was reminded, by his skill and enthusiasm, of what his own had been, at the same age, some thirty years before.

Some days passed on, and the portrait still remained in Titian's studio. Giulio often looked at, but never spoke of it, and Titian did not err when he thought that there was a meaning in this silence.

But the grand festival day of Venice was at hand. This was Ascension-day, on which the doge performed the annual ceremony of signifying the maritime power of the signory, by casting a golden ring into the waters of the Adriatic. The custom was, at this proud celebration, for Venice to send out her population, of all degrees, and it was certain that, at such a time, the fairest daughters of Venice never were absent.

The short voyage of the doge, from the quay of the ducal palace to the boundary of Lido and Malamocca, was always performed on this occasion, in a stately vessel, called the Bucentaur, a galley said to be of equal antiquity with these maritime nuptials. This magnificent vessel always bore a freight of some importance; for, besides the doge, the council, the chief officers of state, and the

admiral of the port, (who acted as pilot, and was bound by oath to bring the vessel back to her harbourage in the arsenal!) it bore the ambassadors from the various countries in alliance with the republic. Sometimes, besides the *nobilissimi* and the state-officials, it bore citizens of worth; and, at all times, the doge was glad to see by his side the great painter, Tiziano Vecelli, whose pencil could confer such immortality as earth is proud of, and whose works reflected more fame upon Venice, than Venice, in all her glory, could bestow upon him.

Giulio, with others of his age, followed in the procession—for it was a scene of matchless beauty and magnificence, well worthy the attention of a painter's mind and eye. The Bucentaur was swept on, in a stately manner, by the rowers, and Giulio's light gondola came near it, within full view of the gallant company beneath its gorgeous canopy of crimson damask, richly embroidered with gold. To Giulio's amaze, Titian had by his side a young lady, and when she turned her face for a moment, Giulio saw, to his surprise and delight, that she was the fair original of the portrait.

The ceremonials went on; and Andrea Gritti, the doge, wedded the sea, (an unstable and fickle mistress,) with the accustomed words—"We wed thee with this, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty." The moment these words were uttered, and the ring cast into the sea, it was strewn with flowers and fragrant herbs, in the fanciful idea that thus the bride was crowned!

The pageant ended, Giulio speeded to Titian's house. He found the great artist before the easel, busied, as usual, in some work for immortality. They spoke on various subjects, but Titian made no mention of the young signora, of whom Giulio had just one glance. At last Giulio said that he had seen Titian on the deck of the Bucentaur; but this, though it challenged Titian's allusion to the lady, drew no remark from him about her, so that, at last, Giulio ventured to say that he thought the signora much resembled the portrait which he had admired from the moment it first met his view.

"Admire it, Signor Giulio Mantoni! Fall asleep before it in excess of admiration! Well, well, thou needest not blush. 'Tis my daughter, Beatrice, whom thou shalt meet anon. But, signor, if thou shouldst admire her, or if thou shouldst not, it will be well for thee to take thy *siesta* ere thou meetest her: women, as thou knowest, like not cavalieri who are drowsy—nay, I have not told her *that*. She saw thee and asked who thou wert; and I told her Giulio—but not that thou didst gaze thyself to sleep before her portrait. Now let us within. Thou wilt like my gentle Beatrice. She reminds me of what her fair and loving mother was."

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And Giulio *did* very much like Beatrice Vecelli, who, in turn, admired the manly beauty and chivalrous bearing of the Spaniard. Admired!—alas, *that* is a word all too weak. Woman scarcely knows a medium, in her intercourse with our sex, between the coldest indifference and the warmest love. Long before she knew it, Beatrice was deeply and devotedly attached to Giulio. Her father saw this, and did not check it; he already loved Giulio Mantoni as a son, and cheerily anticipated that, in the natural course of time and circumstance, he would become so—with the consent of Beatrice.

Very much did Giulio admire the loveliness, the grace, the innocence of Beatrice Vecelli, but he did not love her with more than a brother's love. To do him justice, he was all unconscious of the feelings which his attentive kindness had awakened in her gentle heart. He read to her, and talked with her, as if she was his dear sister—and she made the too common mistake of thinking that these general courtesies, made most kind through the suavity of his manner, had a particular application. So, the signora was in love!

Two months had passed by since the return of Beatrice to her father's house, and, during this time, the young maiden, flushed with her growing passion, (innocent as it was deep,) and buoyed up by the hopes which her youth and sex might well be excused for forming, had drunk in draughts of delight (for Hope is the Hebe of mortality, and pours from a golden vase!) which made her happy-hearted beyond what she had ever been before. Then it was that her father completed that picture which has been known as a *chef-d'œuvre* in portraiture, which the pencil of the painter, and the burin of the engraver have multiplied through the world. And, during all this time, which passed on happily for Giulio, also, he was not in love with Beatrice.

They sat together, now in the month of July, with a delicious breeze sweeping up the Adriatic, and fanning the curtains of the room, like the sails of some rapid bark. It was now mid-day, and all was calm in Venice, as in other cities at the hour of mid-night, for the heat of the noon kept even the gondolieri within doors. But it was cool in the room in which Beatrice and Giulio were sitting, for the long blinds had been drawn down, excluding the sunshine and admitting the breeze. She had been singing, and it was from the flush of her cheek and the tenderness of her tone, as she closed the cadenza, that Giulio now first surmised what might be the nature of her feelings toward him. This was the song:

Oh, sue not thou for fortune's dower
With lordly pomp to gild thy fate,
Nor ask of cold, ambitious power,

To crown thee with a haughty state!
Seek not for conquest to entwine
Eusanguined laurels in thy hair,
But listen to this lay of mine,
This orison, this ardent prayer
Of "love me, love me!"

Oh, if the noontide of thy heart
With sorrow were o'ercast,
If grief had done its deadliest part
Till joy were of the past,
How gently 'mid such gloom would fall
The brilliancy of hope's joy shine,
When thought on thought would still recall
When first fond lips were pressed to thine,
With "love me, love me!"

The song had ceased—it was a simple melody, but there was a startling expression of earnestness in it which struck to Giulio's heart. For a brief space he sat in silence and then thus spoke the beautiful *Cantatrice*.

"Lay aside the mandolin, dear Beatrice, and let us talk. You have never inquired who or what I am. I consider you as my sister, and it is not well that you should be in ignorance of this."

"Nay," said Beatrice, with a smile and a blush, "I will not own you as a brother, and I will have no unravelling of mysteries. Let me sing this barcarole."

"Beatrice," said he, with a grave air and earnest tone that suddenly chilled her mirth, "Beatrice, this is the time, for your sake as for my own, to have the mystery unravelled, if it be worth the name of mystery. I am not quite what I appear; in a word, I am of the royal house of Spain; my mother was the daughter of a noble of Almaine, my father is the Emperor Charles. To avoid a marriage of his choice, heart and hand being plighted to a lady-love of my own, I fled from Spain and became a pupil of your father, as much from love of the art, as to give my leisure pleasant occupation."

But he spoke to ears which heard him not, for ere he had concluded, Beatrice was in a swoon. She was speedily recovered, and thus earnestly spoke to him:

"I did not know—I could not—that we had a prince beneath our humble roof; but whatever you are, you must quit Venice. It was but yesternight I heard at the ridotto at Signor Barberigo's, that the *proveditori* had an order to arrest a Spanish prince who was disguised and concealed in Venice. I heard it, by the merest chance, as I stood near two *nobili* who were talking together, and that the arrest is to be made to-morrow. You must fly, signor; it neither suits your safety nor our honour that you remain here. Venice wars with the Emperor Charles; my father, the most honoured citizen of Venice, has been distinguished by the emperor, and the suspicion of having wittingly harboured you, would only be equalled by the misery of your capture here."

Giulio, or, as he should rather be called, Prince Anthony, of Leon, seemed astonished at this intelligence.

"And whither can I fly?" demanded he, seeking council in this hour of pressing peril, from Beatrice.

"You named—you spoke of—you have one to whom your faith is pledged; she must ill deserve it if she will not shelter you."

"You speak wisely, Beatrice," said the prince; "it is the daughter of Sforza, duke of Milan, and with him, albeit he be but a cold friend of my house, nor has he had much cause to be otherwise—I shall find safety. And you, Beatrice!"

"Of me—nothing—not a word now, not a thought hereafter. The very moments of your life are almost measured now. Here," added she, tearing off a rich necklace, "here if you want the means wherewith to reach Milan, take this; I have no more need of costly ornament."

This offer was declined, for the prince had jewels with him more than sufficient to pay all charges. He saw the urgent necessity of speedy flight, penned a hasty billet of leave and gratitude to Titian, and then returned to greet Beatrice with a farewell. He did not mark that her lips were pale as death, and her eyes glazed, and her cheek and brow as if astonished. Her hand scarcely trembled when he pressed it, and, gently as one would embrace a sleeping child, he kissed her fair cold brow. He was gone!

And with him went the terrible determination, which, in this wreck of her heart's hopes, had nerved her to act this dreadful part—to simulate indifference, while, amid despair, she felt the immortality of love. She neither moved nor spoke, and when, at eve, her father returned, he found her statue-like. For weeks she lay, helpless as an infant, and at last she died. Her heart was broken. She died, and with her died her father's hopes and pride. Within a month after Giulio's departure she had ceased to be. Henceforth—and he lived to extreme old age—Titian lived but for his art: that was wife, daughter, all to him!

Of the prince we have no further record. The annals of Venice record not his capture, so it may be presumed that he escaped. But whether he reached his lady-love—whether he married her—and whether, in after-life, he ever paused to think upon Beatrice, is unknown; but he was kind and gentle, so it is impossible that he could have readily forgotten one so beautiful, so gentle as her.

There is no more to add. This is the whole story, so far as it can now be known, of **TITIAN'S DAUGHTER**.—*New York Mirror*.

Public Improvements.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, LIVERPOOL.

AMONG the healthful indications of social improvements in the provinces, none are fuller of promise, or worthier of record, than Me-

chanics' Institutes, which have for their object the advancement of the interests of the useful classes. The Institute at Liverpool, situated on the south side of Mount-street, is a handsome specimen. The first stone of this building was laid by Lord Brougham, on July 20, 1835. "The edifice, including the courtyards, &c., occupies about 260 feet frontage by 30 feet depth; the main building is about 120 feet square, and the principal front namely, that towards Mount-street, is faced with stone, and has an Ionic portico in its centre, and wings in antis. This façade has only a single range of windows, above which is a series of panels, to be filled with *bassi-relievi*, to be executed by members and pupils of the Institute; in addition to which it is proposed to crown the pediment of the portico with a group of figures. Internally, there is a vestibule, opening through a screen, formed by two columns in *antis*, into a corridor, 60 feet in extent by 12 in width, conducting to a staircase at each extremity of it, that will afford access to the galleries of the lecture room, and to the upper part of the building. The lecture-room, measuring 60 feet by 52 feet, forms a semi-circle in one part of its plan, prolonged by the walls at right angles to that parallel with the chord of its diameter. There are also a library, reading-room, committee-room, chemical class-room, and laboratory, a museum and model-room, together with numerous other accommodations required in an establishment on so large a scale; including several class-rooms, and various workshops, the latter in the basement floor."

With such aids to the diffusion of useful knowledge as Mechanics' Institutes must prove, it is hoped that the condition of mechanics in this country will speedily reach that of the same class of persons on the other side of the Atlantic; which is thus represented by a recent traveller, Mr. Grund:

"On entering the house of a respectable mechanic in any of the large cities of the United States, one cannot but be astonished at the apparent neatness and comfort of the apartments, the large and airy parlours, the nice carpets, and mahogany furniture, and the tolerable good library, showing the inmates' acquaintance with the standard works of English literature. These are advantages which but few individuals of the same class possess, by way of distinction, in Europe; but which, in America, are within the reasonable hopes and expectations of almost all the inferior classes. What a powerful stimulus is not this to industry? What a premium for sobriety and unexceptionable conduct? A certain degree of respectability is, in all countries, attached to property, and is, perhaps, one of the principal reasons why riches are coveted. A poor man has cer-

* Companion to the Almanac, for 1836.

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(The Mechanics' Institute, Liverpool.)

tainly more temptations, and requires more virtue to withstand them, than one who is in tolerable circumstances. The motives of the rich are hardly ever questioned, when the poor are but too often but objects of distrust and suspicion. *Pauper ubique jacet.* The labouring classes in America are really less removed from the wealthy merchants and professional men than they are in any part of Europe; and then the "mob," with which the lower classes in England are honoured, does not apply to any portion of the American community. With greater ease and comfort in his domestic arrangements, the labouring American acquires also the necessary leisure and disposition for reading; his circle of ideas becomes enlarged, and he is rendered more capable of appreciating the advantages of the political institutions of his country."

The Public Journals.

OLIVER TWIST.

[In *Bentley's Miscellany* for the current month, Box resumes Oliver's strange and eventful history, with his delivery over to a new master of the arts of vice, Mr. William Sikes, and a description of their Expedition from the metropolis, which is, indeed, a clever piece of familiar writing.]

It was a cheerless morning when they got into the street, blowing and raining hard, and the clouds looking dull and stormy. The night had been very wet, for large pools of water had collected in the road, and the kennels were overflowing. There was a faint glimmering of the coming day in the sky, but it rather aggravated than relieved the gloom of the scene, the sombre light only serving, to pale that which the street-lamps

afforded, without shedding any warmer or brighter tints upon the wet housetops and dreary streets. There appeared to be nobody stirring in that quarter of the town, for the windows of the houses were all closely shut, and the streets through which they passed noiseless and empty.

By the time they had turned into the Bethnal Green Road, the day had fairly begun to break. Many of the lamps were already extinguished, a few country wagons were slowly toiling on towards London, and now and then a stage-coach, covered with mud, rattled briskly by, the driver bestowing as he passed, an admonitory lash upon the heavy wagoner, who, by keeping on the wrong side of the road, had endangered his arriving at the office a quarter of a minute after his time. The public-houses, with gas-lights burning inside, were already open. By degrees other shops began to be unclosed, and a few scattered people were met with. Then came straggling groups of labourers going to their work; then men and women with fish-baskets on their heads, donkey-carts laden with vegetables, chaise-carts filled with live-stock or whole carcases of meat, milk-women with pails, and an unbroken concourse of people trudging out with various supplies to the eastern suburbs of the town. As they approached the City, the noise and traffic gradually increased; and, when they threaded the streets between Shoreditch and Smithfield, it had swelled into a roar of sound and bustle. It was as light as it was likely to be till night set in again, and the busy morning of half the London population had begun.

Turning down Sun-street and Crown-street, and crossing Finsbury-square, Mr. Sikes struck, by way of Chiswell-street, into Barbican, thence into Long-lane, and so into Smithfield, from which latter place arose a

tumult of discordant sounds that filled Oliver Twist with surprise and amazement.

It was market-morning. The ground was covered nearly ankle-deep with filth and mire; and a thick steam perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog, which seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above. All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary ones as could be crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep; and, tied up to posts by the gutter-side, were long lines of beasts and oxen three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a dense mass: the whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of beasts, the bleating of sheep, and grunting and squeaking of pigs; the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all side, the ringing of bells and roar of voices that issued from every public-house; the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping and yelling; the hideous and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market; and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng, rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene which quite confounded the senses.

Mr. Sikes, dragging Oliver after him, elbowed his way through the thickest of the crowd, and bestowed very little attention upon the numerous sights and sounds which so astonished the boy. He nodded twice or thrice to a passing friend: and, resisting as many invitations to take a morning dram, pressed steadily onward until they were clear of the turmoil, and had made their way through Hosier-lane into Holborn.

"Now, young 'un!" said Sikes, surlily, looking up at the clock of St. Andrew's church, "hard upon seven! you must step out. Come, don't lag behind already, Lazy-legs!"

Mr. Sikes accompanied this speech with a fierce jerk at his little companion's wrist; and Oliver, quickening his pace into a kind of trot, between a fast walk and a run, kept up with the rapid strides of the house-breaker as well as he could.

They kept on their course at this rate until they had passed Hyde Park corner, and were on their way to Kensington, when Sikes relaxed his pace until an empty cart which was at some little distance behind, came up: when, seeing "Hounslow" written upon it, he asked the driver, with as much civility as he could assume, if he would give them a lift as far as Isleworth.

"Jump up," said the man. "Is that your boy?"

"Yes; he's my boy," replied Sikes, look-

ing hard at Oliver, and putting his hand abstractedly into the pocket where the pistol was.

"Your father walks rather too quick for you; don't he, my man?" inquired the driver, seeing that Oliver was out of breath.

"Not a bit of it," replied Sikes, interposing. "He's used to it. Here, take hold of my hand, Ned. In with you!"

Thus addressing Oliver, he helped him into the cart; and the driver, pointing to a heap of sacks, told him to lie down there, and rest himself.

As they passed the different milestones, Oliver wondered more and more where his companion meant to take him. Kensington, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Kew-bridge, Brentford, were all passed; and yet they kept on as steadily as if they had only begun their journey. At length they came to a public-house, called the Coach and Horses, a little way beyond which, another road appeared to turn off. And here the cart stopped.

Sikes dismounted with great precipitation, holding Oliver by the hand all the while; and, lifting him down directly, bestowed a furious look upon him, and rapped the side pocket with his fist in a very significant manner.

"Good-by, boy!" said the man.

"He's sulky," replied Sikes, giving him a shake; "he's sulky,—a young dog! Don't mind him."

"Not I!" rejoined the other, getting into his cart. "It's a fine day after all." And he drove away.

Sikes waited till he had fairly gone, and then, telling Oliver he might look about him if he wanted, once again led him forward on his journey.

They turned round to the left a short way past the public-house, and then, taking a right-hand road, walked on for a long time, passing many large gardens and gentlemen's houses on both sides of the way, and at length crossing a little bridge which led them into Twickenham; from which town they still walked on without stopping for any thing but some beer, until they reached another town, in which, against the wall of a house, Oliver saw written up in pretty large letters, "Hampton." Turning round by a public-house which bore the sign of the Red Lion, they kept on by the river-side for a short distance, and then Sikes striking off into a narrow street, walked straight to an old public-house with a defaced sign-board, and ordered some dinner by the kitchen fire.

The kitchen was an old low-roofed room, with a great beam across the middle of the ceiling, and benches with high backs to them by the fire, on which were seated several rough men in smock-frocks, drinking and smoking. They took no notice of Oliver, and very little of Sikes; and, as Sikes took very little notice

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of them, he and his young comrade sat in a corner by themselves, without being much troubled by the company.

They had some cold meat for dinner, and sat here so long after it, while Mr. Sikes indulged himself with three or four pipes, that Oliver began to feel quite certain they were not going any further. Being much tired with the walk, and getting up so early, he dozed a little at first; and then, quite overpowered by fatigue and the fumes of the tobacco, fell fast asleep.

It was quite dark when he was awakened by a push from Sikes. Rousing himself sufficiently to sit up and look about him, he found that worthy in close fellowship and communication with a labouring man over a pint of ale.

"So, you're going on to Lower Halliford, are you?" inquired Sikes.

"Yes, I am," replied the man, who seemed a little the worse—or better, as the case might be—for drinking; "and not slow about it either. My horse hasn't got a load behind him going back, as he had coming up in the mornin', and he won't be long a-doing of it. Here's luck to him! Ecod, he's a good 'un!"

"Could you give my boy and me a lift as far as there?" demanded Sikes pushing the ale towards his new friend.

"If you're going directly, I can," replied the man, looking out of the pot. "Are you going to Halliford?"

"Going on to Shepperton," replied Sikes.

"I'm your man as far as I go," replied the other. "Is all paid, Becky?"

"Yes, the other gentleman's paid," replied the girl.

"I say!" said the other man with tipsy gravity; "that won't do, you know."

"Why not?" rejoined Sikes. "You're a-going to accommodate us, and wot's to prevent my standing treat for a pint or so, in return?"

The stranger reflected upon this argument with a very profound face, and, having done so, seized Sikes by the hand, and declared he was a real good fellow. To which Mr. Sikes replied he was joking; as, if he had been sober, there would have been strong reason to suppose he was.

After the exchange of a few more compliments, they bade the company good-night, and went out: the girl gathering up the pots and glasses as they did so, and lounging out to the door, with her hand full, to see the party start.

The horse, whose health had been drunk in his absence, was standing outside, ready harnessed to the cart. Oliver and Sikes got in without any further ceremony, and the man, to whom he belonged having lingered a minute or two "to bear him up," and to defy the hostler and the world to produce his

equal, mounted also. Then the hostler was told to give the horse his head, and, his head being given him, he made a very unpleasant use of it, tossing it into the air with great disdain, and running into the parlour windows over the way; after performing which feats, and supporting himself for a short time on his hind legs, he started off at great speed, and rattled out of the town right gallantly.

The night was very dark; and a damp mist rose from the river and the marshy ground about, and spread itself over the dreary fields. It was piercing cold, too; all was gloomy and black. Not a word was spoken, for the driver had grown sleepy, and Sikes was in no mood to lead him into conversation. Oliver sat huddled together in a corner of the cart, bewildered with alarm and apprehension, and figuring strange objects in the gaunt trees, whose branches waved grimly to and fro, as if in some fantastic joy at the desolation of the scene.

As they passed Sunbury church, the clock struck seven. There was a light in the ferry-house window opposite, which streamed across the road, and threw into more sombre shadow, a dark yew-tree with graves beneath it. There was a dull sound of falling water not far off, and the leaves of the old tree stirred gently in the night wind. It seemed like solemn quiet music for the repose of the dead.

Sunbury was passed through and they came again into the lonely road. Two or three miles more, and the cart stopped. Sikes alighted, and, taking Oliver by the hand, they once again walked on.

They turned into no house at Shepperton, as the weary boy had expected, but still kept walking on in mud and darkness through gloomy lanes and over cold open wastes, until they came within sight of the lights of a town at no great distance. On looking intently forward, Oliver saw that the water was just below them, and that they were coming to the foot of a bridge.

Sikes kept straight on till they were close upon the bridge, and then turned suddenly down a bank upon the left. "The water!" thought Oliver, turning sick with fear. "He has brought me to this lonely place to murder me!"

He was about to throw himself on the ground, and make one struggle for his young life, when he saw that they stood before a solitary house all ruinous and decayed. There was a window on each side of the dilapidated entrance, and one story above; but no light was visible. It was dark, dismantled, and to all appearance uninhabited.

Sikes, with Oliver's hand still in his, softly approached the low porch and raised the latch. The door yielded to his pressure, and they passed in together.

New Books.

INGLIS'S RAMBLES IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF
DON QUIXOTE.

(Concluded from page 10.)

[Our author sets out with the barber, and here they are on their journey.]

The Adventure of the Windmills.

As we trotted slowly on, I inquired of my companion to which scene of the knight's adventures he meant to conduct me first?

"That," said the barber, "is a natural question; 'for although we wish to follow the track of Don Quixote, yet as he made two sallies from his village, and as we make only one, it might be expected that we should be forced to make choice of a first scene; however it so happens that this is unnecessary; because no one has ever been able to discover the inn which he mistook for a castle, and in which the ceremony of knighthood was performed; and we have, therefore, no choice but to make for Lapiche, and the windmills, which doubtless furnished the first adventure in the second sally."

"Is it supposed, then," said I, "that the inn never had any existence, excepting in the imagination of Cervantes?"

"It existed," said the barber, reining in his mule, and looking at me as if I had uttered some profanation—"as surely as"—he was going to say as surely as the knight himself existed; but after a moment's hesitation he said—"as surely as Cervantes himself existed."

There is little doubt, however, that the inn in question is fictitious; there is no solitary house on this track; and between Miguel Esteban and Puerto Lapiche there is no village.

It wanted yet about an hour of sunset, when upon a small elevation that lay at some little distance to the left, I descried four windmills: at the same moment the barber laid hold of my bridle, and pointed to the still existing memorials of "the inconceivable adventure of the windmills;" and as we rode nearer, and the great sails were seen moving slowly round, the Knight of La Mancha seemed to be at my side—I saw him turn towards his worthy squire, and heard him say, "Look there, friend Sancho, and behold thirty or forty outrageous giants with whom I intend to engage in battle: fly not, ye base and cowardly miscreants, for he is but a single knight who now attacks you."

"There are there," said I, turning to the barber, "only four windmills; was it a part of the knight's delusion that he should perceive thirty or forty?"

"Partly it might be so," said the barber; "but I myself recollect when fourteen, in place of four windmills were to be seen there; the neighbouring country was then more a

corn country than it is now, for the cultivation of saffron has supplanted that of corn, and there is therefore less occasion for windmills."

It does not appear that the Knight of La Mancha entered Puerto Lapiche; for after the adventure with the windmills, he sojourned with the goatherds, when the story of the shepherdess Marcella is told; and he then journeyed to the inn which he mistook for a castle,—not that in which he was dubbed a knight, but that in which Sancho was tossed in a blanket. I did not think it necessary, however, to follow the footsteps of Don Quixote so rigidly, as to avoid the town, and make my bed with the cowherds, or under a tuft of trees; and my friend the barber yet retained as much of his original propensities, as led him to prefer the prospect of a savoury stew, to anything that our wallet could have offered him.

[Then follows a chapter showing the]

Extraordinary Popularity of Cervantes.

When I entered the posada, I found eight or ten muleteers at supper round a table, upon which stood a huge basin, whose fumes announced a stew that might not indeed vie in delicacy with those of either the Duque de San Carlos, or the cura Cirillo, but which had marvellous attraction to one who had been indebted only to his wallet for a day's living. There was a vacant place; I seated myself among the muleteers, and soon began, like the rest, to fish out of the basin with my clasp-knife, one huge piece after another. Meanwhile, the barber, who had been looking after the mules, made his appearance, and he too contrived to squeeze himself into a place.

Hitherto I had been a person of no importance; but the arrival of the barber and his opening discourse raised me a thousand per cent. in the estimation of all the company.

"Gentlemen," said he, when there was nothing left to be fished out of the stew, "the caballero who does us the honour to sup with us, has travelled from the remotest corner of the earth, to see the country of Don Quixote." Immediately upon this announcement being made, every eye was turned upon me; the landlord, who was seated upon a distant bench smoking, took his little paper cigar out of his mouth, and approached the table; even the girl who was stirring some mess over the fire, ceased her stirring and turned round; the long-apouted, crystal, gilded bottle was pushed towards me; and an old man who appeared half asleep, offered a leaf of Indian corn to roll my tobacco in. I never was treated with civility in a Spanish posada before. One of these acts of civility requires a word of explanation for those who have never been in Spain. Black bottles are rarely seen there: wine is either drunk out of the skin, or emptied into a crystal vessel,

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shaped like a coffee-pot, with a long spout, in the using of which, an ingenious talent is displayed. The Spaniard does not put the spout into his mouth, but holds the vessel above; and the greater distance from which he can direct the stream with precision into his mouth, the greater is the merit. The reader must also be informed, that the Spaniards generally make their cigars at the time they smoke, by wrapping up some tobacco in thin paper; but the inner leaf of the Indian corn is preferred.

It is certainly a curious fact, but one well worthy of being recorded, that of the eight or ten muleteers with whom I shared the stew in this posada, not one of the number was ignorant of Don Quixote and his doings,—nor of the claims of Cervantes to the veneration of his countrymen. In a country where book learning is so scantily diffused, and where so few of the lower orders are educated, one might imagine that anything like minute knowledge of the work of Cervantes would be a miracle. It is true, that there is no English novel so bound up with the manners and scenery of the country,—none so powerful in genius,—none of such brilliant invention—so rich in all that stamps a work with immortality, as this production of Cervantes; and that in all this, no proof can be offered so strong, as that which arises from the fact I have stated—the more universal and more intimate knowledge of the adventures of Don Quixote, which is found to pervade all ranks in Spain, than any similar kind of knowledge existing among the peasantry of perhaps any other country in Europe. I never omitted an opportunity,—not in La Mancha only, but in other parts, remote from the scene of Don Quixote's exploits,—of ascertaining the existence of this knowledge; and I believe I may safely say, that I never mentioned Don Quixote to a muleteer, or a peasant of any condition, without finding myself understood; an ignorant stare was never the answer I received; and I think I may even go so far as to assert, that I never found any one unacquainted with the name of Cervantes. I should certainly say, that the popularity of any other author, in any other country, is absolutely nothing, in comparison with the popularity of Cervantes in Spain.

So much civility as I received in this posada, deserved some return; and a measure or two of superior *val de penas*, which the innkeeper produced at my bidding, established me more and more in the hearts of the company; for be it known, that although in comparison with other nations, the Spaniards are a sober people, they are not insensible to the attractions of a measure of wine: and here again, we find Cervantes just in his portraiture of tastes and manners; for Sancho is represented as showing much affection for the wine-skin; and in the supper with the

goatherds, of which both the knight and the squire partook, the wine-cup was a vessel of so much importance, that it was the duty of one individual to hand it about.

[Next is the barber's commentary upon the incident of]

Mambrino's Helmet.

I remained in the kitchen, with the barber: all in the inn had long since retired to rest; a profound silence reigned throughout the whole house, in which there was no other light than a lamp stuck up in the passage, just as it is said to have been on the night when the Don himself slept there; and this "wonderful quiet," which disposed the knight towards those reflections relating to the events recorded in books of chivalry, and made him fancy the inn a castle, certainly had the effect of adding vividness to the fancies which crowded upon me, sitting here in the inn which the knight mistook for a castle, and in which such a singular complication of events are recorded to have taken place.

My associations with the inn were not likely to be disturbed by the night accommodation which it afforded. "I verily believe," said the barber, when the Asturian maid lighted us to the sleeping-room, and hung the little lamp upon the cross-beam in the passage, "that your mercy is about to sleep in the identical bed that received the Knight of La Mancha;" and so indeed the barber might well say, for it was literally "four rough boards, supported on two benches of unequal height, covered by a mattress so thin that it might have passed for a quilt, and full of knots, so hard, that they might well have been mistaken for pebble stones." The barber turned up the mattress, and examined the boards, remarking that they appeared some hundreds of years old; and so wistfully did he eye the bed, that seemed scarcely to have been made since Don Quixote lay in it, that I offered to resign it for his, which was spread upon the floor, and was composed of the furniture of the two mules, as Sancho's is recorded to have been. No amorous Maritornes disturbed our nightly slumbers; no jealous carrier bathed our jaws in blood; nor did any "trooper of the holy brotherhood," or "enchanted moor," discharge a lamp full of oil upon the "pate" either of the barber or myself.

It was yet but the first blush of day that overpread the east, when, mounting our mules in the yard of the inn, we returned the parting salutation of the landlord, answered the smile of the Asturian damsel, and pricking our beasts, trotted out at the gate into the high road.

"It was in this day's journey," said the barber, after we had proceeded a few hundred yards side by side, "that the Knight of La

Mancha found his heart's content of adventures,—you see these hillocks, and the meadows that lie between them; here it was that he made havoc with the flocks of sheep; a little farther on, the adventure of the corpse took place,—then followed the unheard-of adventure of the fulling-hammers; the acquisition of Mambrino's helmet succeeds next,—and, lastly, the adventure of the galley-slaves.”

“And are all these adventures connected with any particular spot?” I inquired.

“No,” replied the barber; “the high-road was the theatre of them all; but, excepting the last, which took place near the Sierra Morena, of which the ‘Brown Mountain’ is a part, they cannot be referred to any precise spot.”

“’Tis unfortunate,” said I.

“’Tis unfortunate,” said the barber.

“I should have liked of all things,” said I, “to have seen the spot where Don Quixote first clapped Mambrino's helmet upon his head.”

“Now, to my mind,” said the barber, checking his mule, “the adventure of Mambrino's helmet might have been omitted without great loss to the book, for ’tis out of nature.”

I could not agree with the barber in this; but I did not press my opinion upon him: it was easy to see why he should think as he did. The barber's basin was his every-day companion; and the fancy of Don Quixote in converting it into a helmet, was too violent a perversion of fact to obtain his assent to it. At every step in Spain, the traveller is reminded of this adventure, for in place of the barber's pole, a shining brass basin is suspended at every barber's shop.

“But for my part,” said the barber, “though the excellent genius of the author is displayed in the adventures of his hero, these are to be looked upon only as heads of the discourse, or prominences in a landscape, which, although more striking, are perhaps less valuable than that which intervenes,—for example,” continued the barber, and stopping his mule upon a slight elevation which we had attained; “look before us, or to the right, or to the left, various eminences are visible, gilded by the morning sun, and the country that lies between them is less visible and prominent than they are; yet I make no doubt, that fine olive grounds, and rich vineyards lie concealed, and must be passed through in approaching them; and so I think, that the conversations between Don Quixote and his squire, which lie before or behind the adventures, are as worthy of our attention as the adventures themselves;”—and in such pleasant and instructive discourse, we went on our journey, at an easy pace, passing, one by one, the places which although not absolutely identified with the knight's adventures, are yet so little removed from the

scene of them, that something nearly approaching to a belief in their identity is created; and, perhaps, the slight uncertainty rather increases interest than diminishes it; and the barber did not fail to say, “there it most likely was, that the singular delusion of the flock of sheep took place; and that, the hillock where Don Quixote posted himself, and gave Sancho a detail of the knights that served in the two armies;” or, “here it might probably be that the adventure of the fulling-mills took place, for yonder are two or three chestnut trees, and a running brook, and some rocks,” as the scene is described by Cervantes; or, “it was doubtless hereabouts, that a man was discovered by the knight, riding, with something on his head that glittered like polished gold;” or “it was without doubt near this place, that as Don Quixote and his faithful squire jogged along as we do, the knight delivered his famous discourse upon knight-errantry.”

[Although we have scarcely left the plain of La Mancha, and are just approaching the scene of “the adventure of the fulling-hammers,” our quotation must cease; having only space to add that Mr. Inglis's work will be read and admired by thousands of the admirers of Cervantes, and must, therefore, receive the applause of a very large proportion of the reading world. The genuine humour of the “Rambles” is greatly heightened by a series of capital illustrations by that prince of graphic humourists, George Cruikshank.]

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. VOL. VI.

[It was originally intended and announced that the present volume should be the completion of this delightful work: but, from the accumulation of materials, it will be extended to a seventh volume. The majority of the reading world, we opine, will regard this announcement with pleasure rather than as an “unfortunate circumstance,” which the author modestly considers it: for, the work altogether is one of the most entertaining literary biographies, if it be not the most methodical work of its class. The volume before us, though extending over little more than eighteen months, abounds with sad and sunny scenes in the active life of its illustrious author. It commences with a bright picture of anticipations of domestic happiness in the marriage of Mr. Walter Scott: next is the publication of the *Tales of the Crusaders*; Sir Walter's excursion to Ireland; the progress and publication of the *Life of Napoleon*; and then come afflicting scenes of the commercial mania and impending difficulties of 1825. But, the most important feature of the volume is Sir Walter's Diary, extending from November, 1825, to December, 1826. Our extracts will be, as hereto-

fore, in the origin of

Scott's Saturday and Jam for a quiet great im assisted ble's vill that Sir publisher deliberat fulness of a manner not un meditation in the an exulting expanded success, phy of t serious curious which dextero his prac the out or may and bo ing and for mak Yes, th eyed th nance, equally pushing chuckle babbies sucked say the new pla in fact prosaic dule of esting and st copious by figur writing with le this “ and co balance and c ingen the nu suppos article that t endow concei tic arr ‘expen upon

fore, in the order of time; the first details the origin of

Constable's Miscellany.

Scott asked me to go out with him one Saturday to Abbotsford, to meet Constable and James Ballantyne, who were to be there for a quiet consultation on some projects of great importance. I had shortly before assisted at a minor conclave held at Constable's villa of Polton, and was not surprised that Sir Walter should have considered his publisher's new plans worthy of very ample deliberation. He now opened them in more fulness of detail, and explained his views in a manner that might well excite admiration, not unminged with alarm. Constable was meditating nothing less than a total revolution in the art and traffic of bookselling; and the exulting and blazing fancy with which he expanded and embellished his visions of success, hitherto undreamt of in the philosophy of the trade, might almost have induced serious suspicions of his sanity, but for the curious accumulation of pregnant facts on which he rested his justification, and the dexterous sagacity with which he uncoiled his practical inferences. He startled us at the outset by saying, "Literary genius may, or may not, have done its best; but printing and bookselling, as instruments for enlightening and entertaining mankind, and, of course for making money, are as yet in mere infancy. Yes, the trade are in their cradle." Scott eyed the florid bookseller's beaming countenance, and the solemn stare with which the equally portly printer was listening, and pushing round the bottles with a hearty chuckle, bade me "Give our two *sonnie babbies* a drap mother's milk." Constable sucked in fresh inspiration, and proceeded to say that, wild as we might think him, his new plans had been suggested by, and were in fact mainly grounded upon, a sufficiently prosaic authority—namely, the annual schedule of assessed taxes, a copy of which interesting document he drew from his pocket, and substituted for his *D'Oyley*. It was copiously diversified, "text and margin," by figures and calculations in his own handwriting, which I for one should have regarded with less reverence, had I known at the time this "great arithmetician's" rooted aversion and contempt for all examination of his own balance-sheet. His lecture on these columns and ciphers was, however, as profound as ingenious. He had taken vast pains to fill in the numbers of persons who might fairly be supposed to pay the taxes for each separate article of luxury; and his conclusion was, that the immense majority of British families endowed with liberal fortunes, had never yet conceived the remotest idea that their domestic arrangements were incomplete, unless they expended some considerable sum annually upon the purchase of books. "Take," said

he, "this one absurd and contemptible item of the tax on hair-powder; the use of it is almost entirely gone out of fashion. Bating a few parsons and lawyers' wigs, it may be said that hair-powder is confined to the *funkeys*, and indeed to the livery servants of great and splendid houses exclusively; nay, in many even of these, it is already quite laid aside. Nevertheless, for each head that is thus vilified in Great Britain, a guinea is paid yearly to the Exchequer; and the taxes in that schedule are an army, compared to the purchasers of the best and most popular books." He went on in the same vein about armorial bearings, hunters, racers, and four-wheeled carriages; and having demonstrated that hundreds of thousands in this magnificent country held, as necessary to their personal comfort and the maintenance of decent station, articles upon articles of costly elegance, of which their forefathers never dreamt, said that on the whole, however usual it was to talk of the extended scale of literary transactions in modern days, our self-love never deceived us more grossly than when we fancied our notions as to the matter of books had advanced in at all a corresponding proportion. "On the contrary," cried Constable, "I am satisfied that the demand for Shakspeare's plays, contemptible as we hold it to have been, in the time of Elizabeth and James, was more creditable to the classes who really indulged in any sort of elegance than, than the sale of Childe Harold or Waverley, triumphantly as people talk, is to the alleged expansion of taste and intelligence in this nineteenth century." Scott helped him on by interposing, that at that moment he had a rich valley crowded with handsome houses under his view, and yet much doubted whether any laird within ten miles spent ten pounds per annum on the literature of the day—which he, of course, distinguished from its periodical press. "No," said Constable, "there is no market among them that's worth one's thinking about. They are contented with a review or a magazine, or at best with a paltry subscription to some circulating library forty miles off. But if I live for half a dozen years, I'll make it as impossible that there should not be a good library in every decent house in Britain as that the shepherd's ingle-nook should want the *saut poke*. Ay and what's that?" he continued, warming and puffing, "Why should the ingle-nook itself want a shelf for the novels?"—"I see your drift, my man," said Sir Walter, "you're for being like Billy Pitt in Gilray's print—you want to get into the sabbat-box yourself."—"Yes," he responded (using a favourite adjuration)—"I have hitherto been thinking only of the wax-lights, but before I'm a twelvemonth older I shall have my hand upon the tallow."—"Troth," says Scott, "you are indeed likely to be 'The

grand Napoleon of the realms of print."

"If you outlive me," says Constable, with a regal smile, "I bespeak that line for my tomb-stone; but, in the meantime, may I presume to ask you to be my right-hand man when I open my campaign of Marengo? I have now settled my outline of operations—a three shilling or half-crown volume every month, which must and shall sell, not by thousands or tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands—ay, by millions! Twelve volumes in the year, a halfpenny of profit upon every copy of which will make me richer than the possession of all the copyrights of all the quartos that ever were, or will be, hot-pressed! Twelve volumes, so good that millions must wish to have them, and so cheap that every butcher's callant may have them, if he pleases to let me tax him sixpence a-week!"

Many a previous consultation, and many a solitary meditation too, prompted Scott's answer. "Your plan," said he, "cannot fail provided the books be really good, but you must not start until you have not only leading columns, but depth upon depth of reserve in thorough order. I am willing to do my part in this grand enterprise. Often, of late, have I felt that the vein of fiction was nearly worked out; often, as you all know, have I been thinking seriously of turning my hand to history. I am of opinion that historical writing has no more been adapted to the demands of the increased circles among which literature does already find its way, than you allege as to the shape and price of books in general. What say you to taking the field with a *Life of the other Napoleon?*"

The reader does not need to be told that the series of cheap volumes, subsequently issued under the title of "Constable's Miscellany," was the scheme on which this great bookseller was brooding. Before he left Abbotsford it was arranged that the first number of this collection should consist of one half of *Waverley*; the second, of the first section of a "*Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, by the author of *Waverley*;" that this *Life* should be comprised in four of these numbers; and that until the whole series of his novels should have been issued, a volume every second month, in this new and uncostly form, he should keep the Ballantyne press going with a series of historical works, to be issued on the alternate months. Such were as far as Scott was concerned, the first outlines of a daring plan never destined to be carried into execution on the gigantic scale, or with the grand appliances which the projector contemplated, but destined, nevertheless, to lead the way in one of the greatest revolutions that literary history will ever have to record—a revolution not the less sure to be completed, though as yet, after the lapse of twelve years, we see only its beginnings.

The Gatherer.

Westminster Abbey.—As I looked round the noble old abbey—the most glorious tomb in which ever were enshrined the honours of the past—I marvelled at the indifference with which the ordinary hours of life treat all that makes its greatness and its poetry. I could not believe that I had never had the resolution to see our most beautiful and most national building before.—*L. E. L.*

Full Dress.—It is, after all, full dress that is the test of the gentlewoman. Common people are frightened at an unusual toilette; they think that finer clothes deserve finer manners, forgetting that any manner, to be good, must be that of every day.—*Ibid.*

Work of Necessity.—Unbuttoning a young gentleman's waistcoat to enable him to pick up his cane.

Miss Martineau's Simile.—Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothing and money.

London is said to contain, on an average, 30,000 thieves, 20,000 beggars, and about 10,000 professed gamblers.

Footie defined marriage as bobbing for a single eel in a barrel of snakes.

Lamb and Coleridge.—"Charles," said Coleridge one day to Lamb, "did you ever hear me preach?"—"I never heard you do any thing else," said Lamb.

The consumption of gold for gilding at the various potteries is said to amount to upwards of £600 a week, and the consumption of coals in the same period is about 800 tons.

The grasshoppers are happy fellows—they have dumb wives. It is the male insect only that sings.

"Whatever is, is right as the young nobleman sweetly remarked when they put him down in the pension list 'cos his mother's uncle's wife's grandfather vinted lit the king's pipe with a portable tinder box."—*Pickwick.*

Dry Humour.—An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, Paddy, "are you not very wet?"—"Arrah! I don't care about being very wet, but, please your honour, I'm very dry."

Headachs.—What would women do, if headachs were abolished? They are the universal feminine resource.—*L. E. L.*

Work of Mercy.—Unhooking a young lady's frock to enable her to sneeze.

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